This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

3 3433 07602237 9

TO EVERY MAN · HIS WORK ·

ETTA FLORENCE STOCK

TO EVERY MAN HIS WORK

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

"REST-A-WHILE"

Not in PLD
6/24/19

TO EVERY MAN HIS WORK

BY

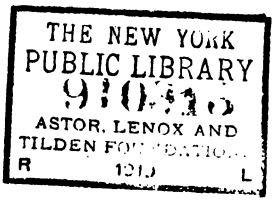
ETTA FLORENCE STOCK

BOSTON
THE FOUR SEAS COMPANY
1919

M.Sm.

NEW YORK
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

COPYRIGHT, 1919, BY
THE FOUR SEAS COMPANY



THE FOUR SEAS PRESS
BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A.

TO THE SEEKERS AFTER HAPPINESS
A GIFT OF THE SPIRIT
"SELDOM FOUND BY SEEKING, BUT WHICH
ALWAYS FOLLOWS THE CONSCIENTIOUS
DISCHARGE OF DUTY"
I DEDICATE THIS "WORK"

FOREWORD

This little story is sent out in response to the call of the multitudes who are longing and searching for "The more excellent way."

Usefulness is the test of knowledge.

Serve, as the hero of this sketch served; doing always the next thing; and out of the doing will come a knowledge that will expand into wisdom, understanding and freedom.

"Ye shall know the TRUTH and the
TRUTH shall set you Free."
"Ask and it shall be given you;
Seek and ye shall find;
Knock and it shall be opened unto you."

E. F. S.

"The low turft grass is not a stately tree,
Nor yet a lovely and all fragrant rose;
It yields no nectar to the grateful bee
Nor fashions for their transit o'er the sea
The hearts of oak, revered by friends and
foes.

But think of it as lightly as you will,
Passing it over in your careless tread,
It has its own peculiar place to fill
And humble as that place appeareth, still
Nor oak, nor rose can fill that place instead.

So, fellow traveler through time's transient
day,
There is a special work marked out for you;
It may be of the lowliest kind, it may
Be such as shall the loftiest powers display,
But none beside yourself that work can do.

Then bend in meekness at the Father's
throne
And seek to learn the purpose of His grace.
Ask Him, who has so oft your duty shown
And led in ways you have not known,
To show you where to find your proper place.

What wilt Thou have me do?
With single eye unto the Father's glory,
work for him.
Illumined every moment from on high
Strive in each action God to glorify,
Nor let one thought of self Life's radiance
dim.

Work, work! nor covet an ignoble rest,
Allow no sloth thy spirit to beguile;
Those love the Father most, who serve Him
best;
And he who blesses others, shall be blessed
With the full sunshine of the Father's smile."

TO EVERY MAN HIS WORK

TO EVERY MAN HIS WORK

PART I.

DISHEARTENED by a series of seeming failures, a man sat with bowed head and frowning countenance before an office desk on which was heaped a motley array of papers.

The one paper necessary to prove his right to certain properties had mysteriously disappeared. While he brooded over the situation, the dusk of a cloudy evening was closing in, and the grayness of it seemed to penetrate his whole objective self; but deep within him something was steadily pushing for recognition.

In his outer self he seemed a creature of circumstance, the tool of those about him; but this inner something declared that he was free.

It told him he was not in his right place; it whispered that he could not conform his life to others' ideals, but must choose his own path and his own manner of expression. When he replied that he had no ambition or strength for a new beginning, it said: "Get out of the rut, choose a new path, don't give up. There are many, very many who need your aid."

From out the deep recesses of memory the words and tune of a long forgotten hymn made answer to his desire to die and forget all.

Over and over it sung itself through his consciousness.

"Not now, my child, a little more rough tossing,
A little longer on the billow's foam,
A few more journeyings 'mid the desert darkness,
And then the sunshine of thy Father's home.

"Not now, for I have wanderers in the distance,
And thou must call them in with patient love,

Not now, for I have sheep upon the mountains,
And thou must follow them; where'er they rove.

Not now, for I have sad ones worn and dreary.
Cans't thou not cheer them with a pleasant smile?
Not now, for I have sick ones lone and weary.
Can'st thou not watch with them a little while.

A little while for patient vigil keeping,
A little while to bear thy cross with tears;
And then the bounds of time forever leaping
The victor's crown be thine through endless years."

As the last tone lingered tremblingly on the night air he became aware that the storm, which had threatened for days, was making itself manifest in gusts of wind and sheets of rain, and the branches of an elm tree that swept the window seemed to wail

and cry because of the departure of summer from the land.

The man rose and without stopping to turn on the light, though it was now quite dark in the room, walked slowly and quietly to a window that commanded a view of the main street.

The flickering glare of the street lamp revealed a solitary figure stumbling along in the middle of the road. The shoulders were much bowed down and the head drooped as though some weight of woe was crushing the manhood out of the form. Just in front of the office door the traveller dropped in a heap and made no attempt to rise.

Hastily turning on the light the occupant of the room placed a large chair in front of the radiator, then rushed out into the wind and rain.

He stooped and spoke to the prostrate figure and receiving no response took a paper from his pocket and spreading it on the damp, wet ground, rested one knee upon it while he lifted the unconscious figure till it was supported by his arms and shoulder, then, carefully rising, he staggered into the

office and deposited his burden in the easy chair. He loosened the collar and neckband. Then, making a temporary footstool of a box, he drew off the wet shoes and stockings and rubbed the cold feet and limbs with a dry towel. Under the influence of the heat and friction the stiffened muscles relaxed, the eyes slowly opened and stared vacantly into the face of the rescuer, who said: "Don't worry, you're all right now, you only lost your grip for a little while. Do you belong in the village? I don't remember having seen you before."

Slowly the man regained consciousness.

"I should thank you, friend," he said, "for your kindly service but I have had so much trouble of late perhaps it would have been just as well if I had followed my children into the grave. I don't know what there is beyond, but certain it is—whether we forget all or whether we take up the burden again—there's not much but work and worry—worry and work here."

"Well! we'll let that problem rest a while. I was quite discouraged myself, till I found you so much worse off, but now I feel con-

siderably better, and ready to take a fresh hold."

"There's an old suit of mine in the closet," he went on, as he rose from the chair, "and a night shirt. I sleep here sometimes. You get into them; they may be a trifle large, but they'll be dry and more comfortable than your own just now. I'm going across the street for something hot to eat. We'll fill up our stomachs and get warm first, before we talk."

While he spoke he had slipped on his raincoat, and pulling a soft hat well down on his head he went out. The stranger mechanically opened the closet door and taking out the suit and night shirt went back to the radiator; by the time the owner of the garments returned, the suit was somewhat clumsily draped over the other man's form. He was leaning against the radiator, a whimsical smile on his face.

"Some spare room," he said, holding the coat out from his body. "I found I needed only the suit, in fact I could have worn my own coat with little discomfort. My ulster, trousers, shoes and stockings are pretty well

wet through. I've spread them over the radiator so I can wear them and move on a little later."

"Don't let moving on bother you yet. Here comes dinner," as the door opened to admit a young man bearing a tray on which were three or four covered dishes, and just behind came a lad with a basket containing plates, mugs, knives, forks and spoons.

A table was quickly improvised, the box which had been a footstool, now stood on end and served as a pedestal for the table, the top of which was a large drafting board. On this were placed the covered dishes. Meanwhile the lad wiped the rain from the dishes in his basket and set them in a pile on the end of the couch.

"Can we do anything more?" inquired the young man.

"Not at present; come back in half an hour for the dishes and bring a pot of hot coffee."

"Sit down where you will be most comfortable," said the host. "It's quite certain we can't get very near the festive board. I hope you like oyster stew and an old fashioned boiled dinner? It's a queer com-

bination, but somehow it appealed to me as particularly warming and filling."

"You couldn't suit me better. I am particularly fond of both dishes, in spite of the fact that I was born on a farm where vegetables were plenty, and boiled dinners a frequent occurence. My name is James Slater, perhaps you may have heard of Elihu Slater? He was my father."

"I want to know! Then you had a brother Frank?"

"I sure did and have now, he's in Colorado. Mining expert. Do you happen to know him?"

"I did and I rather reckon I should now if he crossed my path. We were at college together, and what scrapes he didn't plan I did."

Passing a dish of stew to his guest, Coe sat down on the edge of the couch to eat.

"Well! Well! I sure want to hear about Frank, but let's get the grub out of the way while it's hot; we can talk later."

"I guess I can attend to the first half of that proposition," replied Slater. "I have quite a vacant place."

When the waiter, who had returned with the coffee, had cleared away the last vestige of the meal, the two men settled down for a comfortable chat. Slater produced cigars, the almost unfailing accompaniment of a man's leisure and quite often of his business hours; and leaning comfortably back in the Morris chair, plunged into a recital of the events which had brought him so unexpectedly to this harbor of refuge from the storm that still raged and howled like an infuriated mob.

"So you and my brother were college mates. Strange I should have drifted to your door! I wonder if I have heard Frank speak of you? I don't think you mentioned your name."

"My name is Coe—plain John Coe," said the host.

"That sounds very familiar. Bob Harris and Ed Field, were they also in your class?"

"They sure were, and Charley Snow. You must have heard Frank speak of him too?"

"Yes, yes, I was trying to recall his name. Where are they now?"

"Ed Field has passed in his checks. Poor

fellow! He saw rough times in the few years between college days and his passing out. He died in the South. Bob Harris was in St. Paul when I last heard from him. He was talking of accepting a position with some of his wife's relatives in Topeka. He wakes up and sends me a line once in a while. Charley Snow is in Tacoma, went to the Yukon when the gold craze was on, but not meeting the success he hoped for he came back to Seattle, met the lady who is now his wife and is very comfortably settled in Tacoma."

"We are all accounted for but Frank. Where is he? Is he prospering? He should be if I'm any judge of character and I flatter myself I can do a little in that line."

"Frank's getting on fine. I believe I told you he was in Colorado. He's got the energy he used to expend on pranks, well harnessed. I don't think you'd know him. He's brown as an Indian, bald-headed, wears glasses, and instead of being stout is almost gaunt."

"Has he married?"

"Yes, but his wife died two years ago very suddenly. He has three children: Frank Jr.,

seven; Alice, five; and Roger, three; they are with their grandparents in Cripple Creek. Frank and I stopped there a week. I went west to see him and look about a bit last spring; thought possibly I might buy a ranch or small fruit farm. Couldn't make up my mind to stay. It's an interesting country to travel through, but it wasn't home to me.

"Frank and I went to Yellow Stone, Salt Lake, Denver and San Francisco and when business called him back to Colorado Springs, I went on down the Southern California Coast to Monterey, then back to Portland, and Vancouver and home over the Canadian Pacific. I planned, as the train sped eastward, to start a small business in my native town or one of the near-by cities and make a home for my sister and my two boys, but fate interposed and I'm drifting. I don't know what I'll turn to next."

He paused with a deep sigh, and his host said: "I take it your boys died recently, then? You spoke of their deaths when you aroused from your stupor."

"Did I? I'd forgotten. It was a hard blow for me, their deaths. All my plans

centered in them. Their mother died five years ago, and the boys were at the homestead with my widowed sister. I heard from home the day I left Seattle and found a telegram waiting me in the hotel at Montreal telling me the boys had died."

"That must have been a hard blow. How old were they?"

"Albert would be twelve next month, and Will was nine in July. They were getting on beautifully in school, the next door neighbor had interested them in raising a few chickens, another friend had given them a piece of ground and helped them plant some corn, beans and cucumbers.

"What was the trouble?"

"Diphtheria. Will took sick first and they thought he was improving; then Albert came down and died in five hours. Will told his Aunt that he knew Albert had gone (they tried to keep it from him) and that he was going, too. I reached home the last of July and have been stopping with my sister since; there was not enough to do to keep me from dwelling on my ruined plans, so I started for the city, and reached the station below here,

on the branch, to find there were no trains in tonight. I started to walk to your station in hope of reaching the city—and here I am—and somehow you have wakened in me the courage that I thought gone forever."

"I am glad to have helped you a little. Here you are surely, and as you have nothing to lose by stopping, you had best make yourself content till the storm's over."

"Thank you, but I am afraid I'll trespass too much on your hospitality."

"Not a bit, I'm more than glad to have you stay. I'm facing a change myself. I don't know just what lies ahead. There's uncertainty in the air; perhaps the 'Divinity which shapes our ends' is on the job now."

The quotation opened up a discussion of modern lines of thought and work, and the two men found they had many ideas in common. During a lull in the conversation when each was busy with his own thoughts a nearby clock struck the midnight hour.

"Great Scott! where's the time gone?" said Coe, as he rose and again looked out on the village street. "The storm seems to be over. You make yourself comfortable here

and I'll run up to the hotel for the night. I'll be down about eight in the morning," and picking up his coat and hat, before his guest could reply, he vanished.

Left to himself, Slater arose, stretched his arms above his head, then out from the shoulders, and took a turn or two about the room. Still feeling wide awake he drew a chair to the window, sat down and gazed abstractedly upon the starless sky and deserted street. Suddenly from out the stillness and the dark the words of Coe came back to him. "I'm facing a change myself." Perhaps the Divinity is on the job! What did it all mean? Is there an eternal purpose in the seeming happenings of life?

No answer came to his questioning, but gradually a sense of drowsiness stole over him. He pushed the chair back from the window, removed the borrowed coat, and wrapping himself in a blanket lay down on the couch and was soon in the land of dreams.

Meantime Coe, after chatting for a few moments with the night clerk and some acquaintances in the office of the hotel, had

taken the evening papers to his room and sat by the table reading. The quietness of the early morning hours was broken suddenly by the ringing of fire bells.

Usually Coe paid no attention. The second alarm smote on his senses with an insistance that would not be denied: "1-2; 1-2-3-4; 1-2-3-4-5;" he counted. "Oh pshaw! let the firemen tend to it, that's what they're paid for. 1-2; 1-2-3-4; 1-2-3-4-5; a third alarm. Must be some fire." Well, after all he was not sleepy and it wouldn't matter if he lost one night's rest.

He went down through the office and found it deserted; the clerk and a friend were just outside the door watching what seemed a wall of fire to the southeast that lit up the whole sky and dimmed the nearby street lights into insignificance. John departed hurriedly for the scene of the conflagration. Taking a short cut across two vacant lots, he climbed the fence which interposed between the second lot and the railroad and followed the tracks to the freight yards; here a gate had been left ajar, so he passed through and now only a short distance

separated him from the scenes of much excitement and no small peril. He could distinctly hear the engine bells and the shouts of many voices as the firemen rushed to and fro with ladders, hose, and axes, seeking fresh vantage ground in their fight with the fire.

On the outskirts of the crowd he passed a family group, a woman and three small children shivering with cold and fright and huddled close to the remains of their household furniture. He paused to ask if he could assist them in any way, and the woman haltingly replied that they were waiting the return of the father, who had gone to his brother's for a wagon to move them and their goods. Other furniture was heaped in heterogeneous confusion here and there, and close beside him women rushed hither and thither, some wringing their hands helplessly, others carrying strange looking bundles, and still others searching through the crowds for missing members of their families. A little girl passed with a cat closely wrapped in a small shawl. Her shoulders gleamed bare and white in the

light of the blaze and the lanterns. Next a woman went by grasping a cage from which came the cry of a parrot: "Poor Polly, poor Polly, what's the matter?"

The men, for the most part, were calm and strong, their brawny arms ready to guide through the maze of hose to a place of refuge any one bewildered by the clangor of whistles, bells and hoarse shouts. Others were moving furniture beyond the danger lines and still others aided the firemen as they gallantly assailed each fresh outburst of the raging fiend. A hose nozzle escaped from the hands of the firemen and caused a wild scramble and much shouting in the crowds just beyond the ropes by pouring a deluge of water among them.

This section of the town was very familiar ground to John Coe; here, when a boy he had spent many happy vacation days. Among the nine or ten older houses which two generations before had been the homes of the substantial business men of this and neighboring towns, was one built by his paternal grandparents. It occupied a commanding position on a terraced knoll, and

was still the property of descendants of the original owners.

For some little time it had been unoccupied; therefore a number of the blinds were closed, and as it stood by itself on a slight elevation, there was an air of aloofness about it as though it resented the changes time had wrought. The other houses of the same period had been remodeled into tenements or were used as boarding houses, and a disconsolate air of shabby gentility sat heavily upon them. Crowding closely upon these relics of old-fashioned respectability, were a number of houses less substantially built, mere shacks some of them, put up hastily to accomodate the foreign element which had flocked to the call of labor in the large factory erected near-by. In one of these shacks the fire had started from the explosion of a small lamp; the flaming oil, the flimsy construction of the building conjoined with high wind, soon reduced it and two others to ashes. Many hasty escapes and three daring rescues were effected.

At the time of John Coe's arrival, the walls of the third house fell inward with a crash,

and several small fires were burning on near-by roofs. These were soon extinguished, however, and the firemen were collecting their various implements preparatory to a return to their different quarters. The wind had veered and was much warmer, but quite fresh; it fanned the dying embers into renewed fury. A sudden shout from the onlookers called attention to a brisk blaze on the ell of the Coe Homestead. It had evidently been burning for some little time. Ladders were hastily pulled from their racks, more hose was quickly clamped to a hydrant and an engine swung into position close by.

Owing to some delay in getting a stream on the blaze, the flames had communicated with combustible material stored in the attic and were sweeping with relentless fury toward the main structure. A woman rushed frantically toward the district chief, and John, who stood near talking with a policeman who happened to be a boyhood chum, heard her say, "A man crippled with rheumatism is alone in that house."

"You must be mistaken," said John. "I

know the owners of the property and am quite sure there is no one there."

"There is," she replied, "I have been looking after him for about a week."

"Which part of the house is he in?" asked the chief.

"In the small room off the library, on the other side of the house."

John nodded to the policeman, at the same time taking a bunch of keys from his pocket and turning to the chief, said: "You better let me go after him. I am one of the owners and know the lay-out of the house perfectly."

"He's all right," added the policeman, "you'll save time to let him go."

The chief, accustomed to quick thought and action, consented. "You go with him," he said, "and I'll place my men where they will be of most service."

"Send them to the large window on the other side of the house with instructions to wait a reasonable time for John's signal."

The news of the cripple's predicament spread, as ill news is wont, on the wings of the wind. Anxious faces watched the pro-

gress of the flames and eager voices questioned.

"They say there's a sick man in the house," said one.

"Where?" asked another.

"Are they sure he hasn't come out?"

"Sure, the cop and the other guy have just gone after him," said a boy.

Then a fireman appeared on the roof and two or three others were seen carrying a hose up a ladder.

"Gee," cried a boy, "they're going through the skylight after him."

"Naw, they ain't," cried another, "I heard the cop say something about waiting at the big window."

Meanwhile the policeman and John had entered the side-door. "You stop here; there's no use in both of us taking the risk," said Coe. He turned to his right and ran swiftly up a flight of stairs that led directly to the library. In this room was the large window in sight of which the firemen were to await his signal.

Owing to delay in replacing a broken section of hose and because of the dryness of

the house and contents the fire worked rapidly between partitions, creating a dense smoke that shut down like a pall. John encountered this as he reached the top stair; tying a silk handkerchief over his nostrils and mouth he dropped to his knees and crept cautiously through the library. Reaching the door of the small room, he passed through and groped in the semi-darkness for the couch. A crashing sound and the excited shouts of the people warned him that some timber had failed to resist the onslaught of the flames, and a sudden burst of light through the panels of a small door revealed the unconscious figure of the man he sought.

Seizing the body by the shoulders he dragged it with difficulty into the library where he stumbled over some object left carelessly on the floor; breathing heavily he recovered himself and staggered on. The smoke attacked his eyes, making them water and burn, and in spite of the handkerchief that protected his nose and mouth the fumes clutched at his breath with a hold that almost conquered. Just then a fireman broke

the glass in the window and threw up the sash. The rush of cold air revived John, but also added fuel to the flames. Understanding the situation, the fireman shouted to comrades to hold the net and the unconscious form was soon placed safely out of the reach of the fire.

Forcing Coe ahead the fireman went swiftly to the ground. Not a moment too soon, however, for the hungry flames seized the ladder. John, faint and dizzy with the sudden release from unaccustomed exertion, sank to the ground, but his natural poise and habits of sobriety soon enabled him to proceed on his way. In the meantime the cripple had been removed to a house a few hundred feet away and thither John followed. The doctor met him just as he entered the hall and advised him to lie down and rest, and the master of the house offered a bed or a couch in the den. Stepping to a side door, the man called a maid and inquired if any of the sandwiches and coffee made for the firemen was left.

"Plenty," she replied.

"Bring some to this gentleman."

Accepting a cup of coffee and a sandwich, John thanked the host and remarked that he would be glad to remain before the open grate.

"Make yourself comfortable. No one will disturb you here."

Left alone, the events of the night passed rapidly before John's vision; the hymn and his words to Slater a few hours earlier came back. "Perhaps the Divinity is on the job." Surely something beyond human power had made his path clear and held back the flames. More weary than he realized, he dropped into uneasy slumber. "Sleep knits up the ragged sleeve of care," and memory painted for him once more the scenes of childhood days spent in this mansion now a mass of smouldering ruins. Faces long since vanished beamed on him with the tender love of days gone by. Grandfather, whose idol he was! Grandmother, who sat so many years in that chimney corner and knitted for him the red and blue and brown scarves, wristers and mittens! Aunts and uncles and cousins, and the little sister with golden curls and laughing eyes who had shared with him the

bounty of that home! All of them were now gathered in the "House not made with hands."

The slamming of a door disturbed him and he opened his eyes to find the Doctor standing close beside him smiling.

"Well! you're a cool one," he said, "no one would think to see you that you'd been so near the border to-night. We thought you were gone when that wall fell."

"Oh, I'm all right. How's the invalid? and what time is it?"

"Almost four o'clock. The other man has regained consciousness. We have told him the house caught fire, not that it was destroyed. He says he heard the engines and the shouting and tried to get up. Fright and weakness brought on unconsciousness. He won't tell his name and no one here seems to know it. Is he a friend of yours?"

"My cousin," said John, laconically.

"He will need considerable care for a time. Is his home nearby? Aside from the rheumatic condition, his nerves have had considerable of a shock and may give him some

trouble, but I am hoping the lapse of consciousness will offset that experience."

"Can you place him in a hospital for a time?"

"Why, yes. It is not necessary, however, if his home is near."

"The home is broken up, his wife is with her parents in another state. I thought he was with her until after the rescue."

"I see," said the Doctor. "I must return to my office at once and will telephone from there. Will you wait till the ambulance arrives?"

"If you think best. My cousin does not know I am here; would it not be wise to inform him? He is not over cousinly."

"We'll go up now." The doctor went to the bedside and told the patient he was to be taken to the hospital. "Your cousin is here and will stay by till you are comfortably settled."

Slowly the man turned his head and said: "How the deuce did you find out about me?"

"Never mind for the present; I didn't expect you to be glad to see me," replied Coe.

As the Doctor passed from the room he

handed John a card which bore a name destined to become well known in medical and surgical circles.

The cousins relapsed into silence. John sat by the window that overlooked the ruins and the road to the hospital. His cousin tossed restlessly and every now and then moaned as the pain in limbs and back became more intense. After what seemed an age of waiting the ambulance arrived. John took a seat with the driver and they sped smoothly and quietly, except for the ringing of the gong, to the hospital. The patient was taken immediately to the ward and John remained long enough to talk with the Superintendent. He arranged for a daily report of the condition of the patient and remarked that he should not visit the ward unless he was requested to do so.

When he left the hospital he walked briskly across town to the hotel. Though it was broad daylight he decided, if possible, to take a warm bath and a short nap. Leaving word at the office that he wished to be called at eight sharp, he retired to his room.

In the office James Slater slowly shook off

the lingering traces of sleep, and looked questioningly about him. Where was he? Oh yes, now he remembered; he looked at the clock and decided to rise. The storm of the previous night had long since flown in search of new fields of adventure; the sun, slowly rising, bathed tree and shrub and building with a promise of a day in which it would be a pleasure to live. Hastily putting on his own garments, Slater went out for a stroll around the town.

After a brisk walk of perhaps fifteen minutes he overtook a boy who was delivering milk to a few customers; in the child's express wagon a number of empty jars rolled among the few remaining quarts of milk still to find resting-places on nearby doorsteps.

"Good morning, Sonny," said Slater. "You're up and out early this beautiful morning, aren't you?"

"Yep. I been out since half past three. Did you go to the fire?"

"No, I didn't know there had been one. Where was it? Much burned?"

"Gee, yes, four houses all burnt down and five or six others burned a little. A man was

almost burned alive in the Coe house. No one knew anyone was in there till some woman told the chief. The man that got him out was nearly burnt, too. The ladder was all burnt up and the fireman got his hands all cut."

"Where was the fire?"

"Over on Glover Street."

"Where's that?"

"Do you know where Whitney's factory is?"

"Yes."

"Well, right close there, on the other side of the railroad. The men who work in the factory lived in the houses that were burned."

"I guess I'll go over and look round; what's the nearest way?"

"Down this street to the bridge, then along the track. I'd go with you but I've got to leave the rest of my milk and then get ready for school."

"Don't you like school?"

"No, I hate it, sitting cooped up in doors with some old books that are no good at all."

"I'm sorry to hear you say that: I'll admit

there are pleasanter things, but remember, my boy, school is necessary and make the best of it. Good bye."

"Good bye; say, I think I'd even like books if you'd show me about them."

Slater laughed, but behind the laugh he was thinking deeply of his boys now gone beyond the need of books and teachers; of other boys like the one he had just left who needed the discipline.

Thus it happened that while John Coe slept, the scene of his victory in a race with death was explored by his newly made friend. Arrived at the ruins, Slater entered into conversation with a fireman left on guard.

"Pretty warm here for a while, I should judge."

"Right you are. I reckon the shift in the wind was a mighty good thing for the rest of the property."

"They tell me there came near being a tragedy."

"So I heard after the excitement was over. It's our duty to protect life and property in

case of fire, and those things are only incidents."

"How's the man getting on?"

"I don't know; there is very little known about the affair. Some say he was part owner in the property. The firemen supposed there was no one in the house; a woman told the chief. It's singular, but a cousin of the man was his rescuer. There's quite a little feeling among the boys because the chief gave him right of way. Sort of professional jealousy, you understand."

"The rescuer must have impressed the chief as being a clear-headed chap, or he wouldn't have let him by."

"I understood the policeman on this beat is a personal friend and vouched for him, besides, the fire was making considerable headway, and taking everything into account the chief decided he had the greatest chance of getting away with the job."

"Did you learn his name?"

"Coe, John Coe; he's a real estate man with an office on Middle Street. One of those chaps whom circumstances or family influence has forced into the wrong place, 'The

round peg in the square hole.' I hear he has a strong leaning towards philanthropy and is too warm hearted to make any decided financial success. Do you believe in all those ideas?"

"Why, yes," replied Slater. "I must confess that it seems very logical that the confusion we find in human affairs, can be traced to the fact that man has never realized that every one is just where he can do his best work. This is quite a deep subject to consider before breakfast, however, and that reminds me it's about time to meet a friend for breakfast."

Slowly retracing his steps, he recalled the occurrences of the hours which had flown since he had recovered consciousness in Coe's office. Surely it had been his privilege to meet a man who could be a friend in need; one who had proved his ability to be the right man in the right place. Yet this man had said only a few hours earlier that he had no idea what was ahead of him. The Divinity at work, yes, that was it; God working in and through man, bringing victory out of what promised to be utter failure.

It was a perfect morning, one of the radiant Indian summer mornings when earth and sea and sky are all aglow with life and joy. All nature, animate and inanimate, seemed to sparkle and dance and cry aloud to humanity: "Oh! we couldn't leave you yet, come out and let's have at least one more grand frolic before the Frost King and his elves seal up the sap that all summer long has fed leaves and blossoms and fruit on trees and vines, or hides the water that has bubbled merrily in the springs and rippled to the sea."

James Slater found himself whistling an old familiar tune, something he had not done since reading the ominous letter in the Montreal Hotel. He had thought then that the wine of life, the joy of loving service, had been snatched from him; that there remained only a period of hopeless waiting for the coming of the Grim Reaper, who would perhaps restore him to the wife and children whose passing had left him desolate. This morning, however, a new life was stirring within him; he could not analyze it, he could only feel the mighty pulse beat of a yet un-

revealed purpose. Whither it would lead him or what tasks it would set him he knew not. A serene consciousness possessed him that all that had been, all that was, all that should be was part of an intelligent, though to his present understanding, inchoate plan. When he approached the door which had swung wide to admit his unconscious form the night previous, he observed that his host was just passing through. He quickened his steps and entered, as Coe paused in surprise.

"Good morning," Slater cried, "I haven't run away, only been for a stroll. I woke early and the glory of the morning drew me out. How are you?"

"O. K. Isn't this one grand day! I am especially fond of the Indian summer days in which there lingers the touch of June. To me they are the brightest of the year. Did you rest well?"

"I couldn't have fared better. I hear you found more work to do."

John ignored the last remark.

"Let's get breakfast," he said.

Crossing to a restaurant they entered, and

John led the way to a small table in an obscure corner. He was unable to escape, however, from words and glances of inquiry and approval. The waitress who served them smiled broadly and said, "You seem to be the same matter-of-fact person who has eaten with us off and on the past two years. How does it seem to be a hero?"

"Nonsense, Kate, don't be foolish. I did no more than anyone who possessed my knowledge of the house could and would have done."

The proprietor, with a hearty slap on Coe's shoulder, began an encomium which John cut short by introducing his companion. As they were leaving the restaurant an acquaintance stopped to speak with Coe, who said, "You'll have to excuse me this morning as I go to the city on an early train. See you to-morrow, perhaps."

As they entered the office Coe said laughing: "Well, if I'd stopped to count the cost, I don't believe I'd have done it."

"Perhaps not," replied Slater, and added, "we seldom stop to count the cost of our actions, it seems to me, and only once in a

great while are we conscious that the 'Divinity' is on the job. What train do you take for the city? If you don't mind, I shall be glad of your company."

"Great Scott, man! I hadn't thought anything about trains. I quite surprised myself by announcing my intention to escape unsought notoriety. I must run over to the hospital this morning. You can come with me or meet me at the station as you prefer."

"Ha, ha! I've heard of leaping before one looked, before. Well, I'll see you at the station, if you still intend going to town."

"All right, I'll be there as soon as possible." So they parted.

Slater walked slowly along, enjoying the crisp, clear air, his mind occupied in plans for meeting various friends in the city. Suddenly his proximity to the post-office suggested writing to his sister, then he decided to write his brother Frank the happenings of the recent hours. At a nearby store he obtained a block of paper, envelopes and stamps, as well as two of the morning papers. Then, having some time to spare,

he betook himself to a sunny bench in the little park near the station.

Coe, meanwhile, was impatiently pacing the office at the hospital, waiting the return of the doctor who was engaged with out-patients. In the office two clerks were busy at their typewriters and occasionally a nurse or orderly passed through.

A woman, heavily veiled, wearing the somber garments of deep mourning, lent an intensely gloomy and forboding atmosphere to the room. Impatiently John took out his watch and compared it with the clock. He had missed one train, would he be able to make the next? Just as he decided to leave and telephone from the city for information the doctor entered. The woman started to her feet, and John approaching her said: "I beg your pardon. Is your business urgent? I should like to catch the next train, if possible."

"Oh no, I can wait a while longer," she replied in a tone that said, "nothing is of much consequence now."

"Thank you, Madam." Turning to the doctor, "Well, how are things progressing?"

"Physically, as well as we could expect; mentally, there is some disturbance which we cannot fathom. He is morose, suspicious and at times decidedly irritable. Do you know of any cause?"

"Could it not be traced to the shock?"

"I think not. It is more a mental than a nervous condition. He mutters in his sleep; as near as the nurse can get it there is a loss or danger of loss that haunts him; by the way, he asked how you came to know of his condition, and when she told him you were the man who rescued him, it seemed to aggravate the trouble."

"I don't see why," said John. "If there is nothing of importance, I must take the next train for Boston. I may not return for a day or so. I'll telephone my address if I decide to stay. See that everything is done for the comfort of the patient and telephone if there is any change for the worse."

With a long, swinging gait he hurried across town to the station. So intently was he seeking to discover the reason of his injured cousin's irritability that he neglected to light the cigar he carried between his

fingers, and forgot for the moment such things as newspapers.

Slater had finished and mailed his letters and was leaning against the corner of the station, quietly puffing at a cigar. The whistle of the engine, as it rounded the curve a short distance beyond, and Coe's "Well, here I am at last," were almost simultaneous. "Got tired of waiting?"

"No, I wrote some letters. How'd you find the patient?" The baggage master hurried down the platform with a large truck piled high with baggage. "Hello, Coe, Hello, How's Robey? Close call that," he said.

Then the train came slowly in and paused. Conductor and brakeman bandied words with the baggage master while he transferred the baggage from truck to car. Some vegetables, machinery for the factory and a trunk or two were deposited on the platform and the conductor shouted all aboard, waved his hand and with much creaking and groaning of brakes and wheels—as though they protested against further effort—and the puffing of the engine, the train was once more on its journey to the city. As there

was plenty of room each man took his seat by an open window.

The iron road stretched its smoothly polished length through a pleasant farming country, and every now and then it passed by orchards whose trees had been shorn of their wealth of peaches and pears and apples. The last of the apple crop, in boxes and barrels, awaited transportation to various destinations. Occasionally, glimpses of old ocean lying calm and still, like a huge mirror framed in the varied tints of autumn, dawned on the sight.

Sometimes, steamers away off on the horizon sent up a cloud of smoke. In the near distance little motor boats flew rapidly through the water, and once four sailing craft were seen, rocking gently at their moorings. A few hardy swimmers were diving from the end of a long pier, and in a sunny cove some boys were playing at leap frog. As the train drew near the city, on either hand were tall buildings filled with machinery whose strong, agile fingers pick up and transform various kinds of raw material into servicable articles for man's use in

the conquest of nature. Thousands of wheels were busily turning and shuttles were flying back and forth, humming all the while a merry song of labor. Still other buildings there were in which merchandise was piled high awaiting the call which would send it far and wide, perhaps to some far off foreign shore.

Slowly and more slowly turned the wheels as they crossed the network of rails running in all directions through the yard. Into the train shed they rolled among the other trains, some of which were waiting for the signal to depart with their passengers and freight for varied destinations.

Here all was bustle and hustle but naught of confusion reigned except perhaps in the minds of the few unaccustomed to travel. Passing quickly through the station our friends went in different directions, having agreed to meet for supper and an evening at the theatre.

At the hospital, Robey, comfortably resting in a wheel chair on a sunny balcony, read the accounts of the fire in two of the morning journals. He learned that the house

was completely destroyed and found the progress of the fire and his rescue graphically sketched.

"What next?" he asked himself. "I tried to annoy John by hiding the deed of the property; of course I knew I could not injure his interests eventually, and now I find that property, part of it at least, wiped out by fire, myself tied to this chair and indebted to John that my body is not a charred mass of nothingness. Why should all the good fortune go his way? Where can I go and what can I do when I am discharged? I wonder what John has said at the office?"

When the nurse brought him his dinner he asked if anyone had called, during the morning.

"They may have called at the office. I have seen no one in the ward. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Kindly ask the doctor to come to me as soon as convenient, that will be all, thank you."

The warm sunshine and balmy air proved a good soporific, and Robey dozed lightly. To him, as to many another who has stood at

the "parting of the ways," came a vision. An old homestead stood before him, a large maple tree grew on either side of the front gate. A short distance from the house on the right there was a low branching apple tree. At the left of the house a long driveway led to the barn, a long and wide but rather low building, with large doors at each end. Beyond the drive was the old-fashioned well-sweep and the hen-yard well shaded by a very large tree. The vision lingered in his memory after he awoke and he tried to recall when and where he had seen its counterpart. It remained a mystery, however.

In the late afternoon the doctor came to the ward.

"You wished to see me, I understand. What can I do for you?" he asked.

"Yes, doctor," Jack replied, and added, "I have read the account of the fire in the papers and I wish to ask what arrangements Mr. Coe made."

"I can tell you but very little; he came here with you, as you know, and arranged for your board and treatments. He said he would call up each day for a report of your

condition. He was in this morning; said he was going out of town for the day, possibly longer. If he does not return to-night he will notify me by 'phone. Have you a message for him?"

"Why did he not come to see me?"

"He thought it best to wait till you inquired for him."

Robey sat thinking, for a while then said: "Thank you, Doctor, I don't think I have anything further to say at present, except that Coe be told I asked for him."

"You're feeling better, I trust."

"The pain is not as severe, but my head is confused."

"That's not strange. It will clear gradually. I'll send you word regarding Coe's movements. Now don't worry, that won't help and may hinder; things might be much worse. I'm sure you'll find yourself all right in a short time."

During the afternoon Slater visited some of the firms with whom he had done business before going west. Everywhere a cordial welcome greeted him.

"Well! Well!" said the eldest member of

one firm. "Glad to see you. No place like old New England, hey?"

"Not for me,—at least. I haven't discovered it yet."

"Hello, Jim, so you're home again. What you doing now?" queried a second friend.

"I haven't settled down to work yet. I've lost my two boys and am not very ambitious, but I can't rust out. Thought I'd come up and look round a bit."

"Lost your boys? By jinks! that's hard luck. They were a bright pair. I've laughed many times at Albert's heroic attempts to entertain me, that time we came back from the fishing trip. What was the trouble? How is your sister?"

"Well, thank you, but pretty lonesome. She's all alone at the old place now. Two of the Nelson children stay at the house nights. It will be worse than pulling teeth to get her to leave the old place, I'm afraid, and there's not enough doing there for a man of my temperament."

"Say, Jim. I've got an idea that will offset that difficulty," said another, "why don't you go into squab and chicken farming? You've

got just the place for it and there's good money and enough work to keep you interested."

"I don't know but you're right. I'll have to think that over, Charley."

"Better come home with me to-night and talk it over with my next door neighbor whose brother is having fine success in that line."

"Thanks; I'm sorry an engagement for to-night interferes."

"To-morrow night, then."

"You're very kind; I shall be glad to accept. I must be moving as I want to see some of the other boys. By the way, what train do you take, Charley?"

"The five-thirty."

"All right, I'll meet you here or at the station. Good day all."

"Good day. Call in again, always glad to see you."

Slater spent the afternoon visiting other friends. As the closing hour drew near he hastened to a little shop where a friend conducted a small but paying business as a locksmith; finding no one there he sauntered

slowly along, stopping every now and then to look in windows or read bulletin boards, and reached the restaurant a little ahead of time, to find Coe waiting.

"Had good success?" Coe asked earnestly.

"Why yes, I'm rather inclined to think a friend has a good scheme. I am going home with him to-morrow night to talk it over. Let's go inside, and I'll explain while we eat."

"That's a good suggestion; we won't have to hurry. I have the tickets for to-night. By the way, I telephoned the hospital between four and five and Robey is getting on all right; he has asked to see me, so I'll probably return home to-morrow. I want to get that affair straightened out."

"You're not obliged to hurry home are you?" asked Slater. "If it is as fine a day to-morrow as it has been to-day we have an invitation to auto to Marblehead and dine at the Adams House."

"That's fine! I haven't been to Marblehead in five years, sure; the last time I put in there because of fog. Three of us were

returning from a trip to Boothbay. How many are there in to-morrow's party?"

"Four, possibly five."

Having found seats at a small table near a window, and ordered dinner, Slater told of his friend's suggestion and described his home and noted the market facilities.

"The chief reason why the scheme appeals to me is that my sister does not want to leave the old home and I dislike the idea of her staying there alone. I was anticipating having considerable trouble trying to induce her to come nearer the city."

The evening at the play was very enjoyable. The following morning dawned clear, with a slightly lower temperature and the trip to the shore was most interesting. As neither Slater nor Coe had seen the new Boulevards leading north, the down trip was made through the woods and meadows of the Mystic Valley, skirting the chain of beautiful lakes. Limited for time on the home trip, they followed the shore road through Swampscott, Lynn and Revere and arrived at the station just in time to see Slater's friend disappear through a doorway. With

a hasty goodby Slater followed him to the train; Coe sauntered slowly up town for supper and a spare hour at the movies.

A little after midnight he entered his office and smiled broadly when he stumbled upon the impromptu table of two nights before. Turning on the light and taking a cigar he made himself comfortable and began reviewing the incidents of the previous forty-eight hours. He became strangely conscious that the old order of things had passed with the storm, that the two intervening days had been a sort of bridge leading to new fields of adventure and conquest. His cigar having burned out, he almost unconsciously laid the stub on the edge of the desk, drew his chair a little nearer the radiator, placed one foot on the other knee, rested his head on the cushion of the chair and with eyes half closed tried to picture the yet unrevealed mystery of the coming days. A feeling of chilliness roused him, he rose and without stopping to disrobe farther than to remove coat, collar and tie, he wrapped a heavy blanket about him and dropped upon the couch.

PART II.

Coe slept soundly till the next morning, and woke to find the sun shining brightly and a moderate breeze rustling the few remaining leaves on trees and shrubs. There was just enough frost in the air to set the body tingling with the first faint touch of Winter's icy fingers. He rose, dressed hastily, and not being particularly hungry decided to rearrange the papers which he had pushed hastily into the desk just after Slater's entry into his life. Once more he made careful search for the paper, the loss of which was to prove a key to unlock gates which opened on paths to new friendships and broad avenues of usefulness, but could not find it.

At the earliest possible moment he called at the hospital, going directly to the ward. Jack Robey was not to be seen, so he inquired of a nurse who was busy at a small table near the door, if "Mr. Robey had been transferred?"

"Oh no," she replied, "I think you'll find him just beyond that white screen on the right; he has been reading to Number 28 yesterday and to-day."

Coe walked slowly down the aisle, glancing at the occupants of the various beds and greeting those who noticed him.

Number 28 proved to be an acquaintance; he looked up as John passed the screen.

"Hello, John; looking for Jack? Sit down, he'll be here in a minute. How are you, John?"

"Fine as silk. What are you doing here, Bill?"

"Playing lazy, I guess. They say I've had pneumonia. I felt mean enough anyway."

"Didn't you have a bad fall a short time ago?"

"Yes, quite a toss; but my wife was ill at the time, so I tried to brave it out. Here's Jack coming now. It's funny he and I struck this place at the same time. He's been pretty good company, though."

"How are you, John. Come on up to my particular corner. I'll be back later, Bill. Take the steamer chair and make yourself comfortable. What's the news?"

"Nothing, things seem to be at a standstill just now. How you feeling, Jack?"

"Better, much better. Doc says there's

no organic trouble and I should shake these rheumatics before long. Mighty fine chap, Doc is."

"So I thought; I've seen quite a little of him, you know."

The two men became silent, each studying the other, then Jack spoke.

"Well, Grandad's old house is wiped out! How'd you know I was there?"

"I didn't till I saw you on the ground. A woman said there was some one there, and I calculated I could locate a person in that house more quickly than the firemen."

Jack seemed at loss for words for a moment, then plunged boldly.

"Well! John, I have had quite a chance to think things over. Did you know I took the deed the last time I was at the office?"

"Is that where it went? I was looking for it late in the afternoon before the fire and again this morning."

"You won't find it, it's burned."

"Yes? that won't make much difference; only a little more trouble. What good did you think it would do you?"

"Oh, I knew it wouldn't do me any good,

but it would give me a chance to annoy you a bit. Say, John, I've been damned mean and I know it; I'm tired of the old game; do you think I can get a fresh start? I've got nowhere to go when I leave here; but I've learned my lesson and I'll prove it by making good if I get half a show."

"I believe you, Jack. You shall have a show. I'll keep my eyes and ears open and have no doubt I'll see or hear of something by the time you are released, or at any rate a little later. I'll have a talk with Doctor before I leave the hospital. How's Jennie? Will she come and make a home for you?"

"Not till I prove that I can and will make good, and I don't blame her; she's smart as a whip and can earn a good living. I treated her mean; got an idea somewhere she ought to be glad to stay at home and slave and let me go Scot free. I know better now, and I'm glad she had grit enough to stand for her rights."

Half an hour later the ringing of the bell broke in on the conversation.

"Well! that means move on," said John. I'll probably see you to-morrow."

As he entered the corridor, the Superintendant greeted him from the elevator. "I'll see you in the Office soon," he said.

John sauntered slowly down stairs to the Office, his mind reviewing Jack's very evident change of attitude toward life. Robey had been a boy full of life, jolliest of the jolly, musical, with a well trained voice and with considerable ability as an instrumentalist. His one weak point: a lack of self-control, a too easy habit of swinging with the crowd, right or wrong, had left him tossed by the tide, a derelict driven high and dry on the rocks of circumstance.

Deep within him, as within every human soul, was the power to recover, to rebuild. Furthermore, he was very much in earnest now; there was no doubt of it; this was no surface resolution. Jack had weighed well the advantages of both ways, during the week when he had been left so much to himself in the old house; then, from out the midst of disgust and confusion, calamity had arisen suddenly and stared him in the face, with glaring eyes and hot breath of flame, till he had shrunk down, down into the Val-

ley of the Shadow of Death. Then slowly and painfully a light had dawned, and in its first faint glimmerings he had traveled again inch by inch the days of loneliness; and recalled the first note of danger, the clatter of the engines, the shrieks of whistles, the crackling of flames drawing ever nearer and nearer; then the long, long fall into an abyss of darkness from which he emerged, miles and miles away it seemed, amid quiet shaded places.

"How closely life's incidents are linked, even those that seem to the sense mind so far apart," thought Coe.

A line of the hymn came rushing into the foreground of his consciousness: "I have sheep upon the mountains and thou must follow them wherever they rove." Surely Jack had been astray on the mountains, but he was back now on the trail to pleasant pastures. Could he, Coe, make the path less rough?

Then Slater and his proposed business venture came into his mind. Possibly this was the solution of the problem, but he had

not heard as yet regarding Slater's intentions.

Never mind; some door would open: 'In the bright lexicon of youth there's no such word as fail' and youth, or that which youth stands for, power of expression, is eternal.

While waiting in the office for the doctor, Coe stood looking abstractedly out of the window, his mind still intent on the problems of the immediate future; the doctor's hearty "Glad to see you, what do you think of Robey?" drew him back to the present.

"Of Robey? Why it struck me he had profited by his experience. What's your opinion?"

"He's coming on fine. I'm always greatly pleased when a patient begins to look round and think of something beside his own particular case; especially if he thinks deeply enough to go to work for the other fellow. I tell you, Coe, there are more people sick because they have allowed themselves to get into the rut of selfishness, than the world in general has any idea of. Life is a solidarity, and the man or woman who attempts to

make it anything else, does so at his or her own risk."

"Good for you, Doctor, I am glad to meet a medical man who is broad enough to dare to make that statement."

"Oh! there are lots of us that know these truths of Nature, but the temper of the time makes some fear they will lose their jobs if they say too much; so they keep on looking wise, and holding out a helping hand after the latest approved methods of materia medica. We'll have plenty to do for a long time yet, I judge. People, I mean the generality of people, had rather pay some one else to do their thinking."

"Well! I don't know as we can exactly blame them for that, since they have been trained all their days to believe that the clergy, medical men, and a few others had a corner on knowledge."

"They are waking up quite fast, though," replied the doctor. "It gives a person considerable of a surprise every now and then to find some quiet little body, who has always been considered a weakling, asserting his independence and passing up proof."

"That's what counts after all. It's quite easy to agree to most anything when you're under the influence of some other mind, but to keep on knowing and making the knowledge count in everyday life is another proposition."

"Right you are; I'd like to keep on talking this matter over, but I shall have to deny myself, as I have a directors' meeting to attend. As regards Robey he will be discharged by the end of the week. I mention this, thinking you may be able to help him plan a new start. With ordinary caution in the matters of diet and exposure he'll be O. K."

"Good afternoon, Doctor: if you're over my way, drop in at 52 Middle Street."

"I will, thank you. Good-day."

Returning to his office, Coe sat down to look over his mail and found a letter from Slater and one from Jack's mother. He had just opened the latter when the door swung open to admit a stranger.

"Mr. Coe, I believe. My name is Ford, I represent Gale, Dodge and Ford. We are contemplating enlarging our plant and I

called to interview you regarding the possibility of our obtaining the property on Glover Street."

"I am not in a position to talk that matter over at present; if you find nothing more to your liking, call in a month's time and we will consider it."

"Would you mind quoting a price?"

"I shall be obliged to consult the others interested."

"May I ask that, if you decide to sell, you will give us an opportunity to consider the matter?"

"I have said you could call a month later."

"Thank you, I'll not detain you longer. Good day."

Taking up the letter again he read as follows:

"My dear Nephew,

"No doubt you will be rather surprised at hearing from me. I hope you will not consider me intensely selfish, but the truth of the matter is, I have heard nothing from Jack for some time and I am quite worried,

fearing some ill-fortune may have befallen him.

"It is not like him to remain silent so long, usually he writes once a week, if only a line to say he is well and to wish me good fortune. May I trouble you to write me regarding him?

"I hope you are well and prospering. Is the property rented yet? It seems too bad it should remain vacant so long. I had a letter from Jennie a day or so ago. She had had no word from Jack. Oh! It's too bad, too bad that he is so easily led.

"Hoping to hear from you soon, I am

"Your loving Aunt Caroline."

He laid the letter aside, promising himself to reply that evening, and turned to learn what news Slater's letter might contain.

He wrote as follows:

"I am quite favorably impressed with the possibilities of chicken farming. Have been to Parkview to see a farm that is paying well. I think I can improve some of its features.

"I shall not make a start before Spring opens, though on second thought if the weather remains mild, it might be well to get the houses built, and yards in readiness. I leave for home to-morrow. On my arrival I shall devote some time to reading the latest opinions regarding construction of houses, etc.

"Come down and see us. If this weather lasts you'll enjoy our part of the country. How's Robey? Somehow, though I have never met him, I feel quite interested in him.

"I shall mail this as I go to the station and shall hope to see you ere many days have passed.

"Yours truly,

"Slater."

Late that evening Coe replied to his Aunt's letter, telling her what we already know of the fire, of Jack's illness and recovery, and of the inquiry relative to sale.

"I realize," he wrote, "what a source of annoyance and sorrow Jack's course in the past has been to you, and am therefore more than glad to be the bearer of good tidings.

"I visited Jack at the hospital this afternoon and he talked very freely with me. I trust that all of indecision and weakness in Jack's character has been numbered with the things that have passed away. He has seen the folly of drifting and is eager to get to work and prove his sincerity. He told me Jennie would come back when he had established himself. He holds no resentment; in fact, he told me he was glad Jennie had grit enough to stand for her rights. I believe he is most sincere; that we shall all be able to rejoice with and be proud of him.

"I tried to persuade him to write you, but he said he would rather wait till he had some good news to tell."

Coe went out to mail the letter, and the beauty of the night tempted him to stroll over to the ruins and home by the lower road, cogitating on the changes which the past few years had wrought.

The next afternoon he went round to see Jack and told him of the inquiry regarding the property, of the two letters and the proposed chicken farm and his intended visit

with Slater. The farm interested Jack very much.

"I wonder if I might work in on some such job?" he said, "it would keep me out in the open, which, the doctor says, I need; and it would also mean country fare and hours."

"How's Trask getting on?"

"Not very well, he worries a lot for fear he's not going to be able to work as the weather grows colder. His wife was in yesterday. She's anything but strong. I wish I had some of the money I've thrown away and I'd give them a boost."

Inquiry at the office elicited the information that the doctor was away for the day.

Considerably disappointed, Coe decided to return to his own office and devote the remainder of the afternoon to matters of business which he hoped to complete before visiting Slater. He walked briskly along, his mind occupied with thoughts of Jack's new interest in life; suddenly incidents connected with the fire presented themselves; he was impressed to visit the ruins.

"What's the use of going round there?" he argued with himself, "there's nothing to

be done till after the insurance is adjusted. I'm going to the office, it's most dusk now."

Again he took up matters of business; he walked on mechanically, unheedful of surroundings, till a touch on the arm and a friend's voice recalled him to the present.

"Hello, John, going over to the ruins?"

He glanced up and was surprised and annoyed to find himself on a cross street leading directly to the homestead. The friend was speaking; he dismissed his annoyance for the time.

"How long have you been home?" he asked.

"I came in early this morning."

As they approached the ruins John noticed three strangers, who were evidently much interested in the property, pacing up and down; one of the three came towards them at once.

"Ah! Mr. Coe, you will recall, I think, my inquiries regarding this property. These are the gentlemen whom I told you would be interested." Introductions followed.

"Is this property in the market? If so, what is your price?" said the eldest of the

three strangers, a man evidently used to command, whose personality forced itself on one's notice.

"I am not prepared to talk business at present," said Coe.

"Would you give us an option?" the other asked. "I understand you are a real estate man, so come straight to the point."

"Impossible to-day, the interested parties might however consider the question later.

"That's the last word for the present?"

"Absolutely. Good afternoon, gentlemen."

After dinner, Coe returned to his office, wrote two or three letters, and settled himself comfortably to read the daily papers and a book recommended by a friend. This friend had become interested in Sociological problems and like many others had plunged into the seething cauldron of public opinion with a zeal without knowledge, which had swept him off his feet and thrown him battered and bruised on the rocks of fear and disaster. He recognized Coe as a sterling character, a man who dared to think and act; a man with clear vision and firm purpose, who at the

same time was sympathetic, generous, clear minded, patient and, if need be, long suffering. He felt that somehow, from out the confused jumble of facts presented in the book, Coe would be able to wrest at least one, which might serve him as a plank on which to stand and readjust his fortunes, for the Divine Spark within him refused to be quenched and Hope still whispered of victory.

Before John had completed the reading of the first chapter, he was interrupted by a tap at the door, which opened slowly, revealing the doctor's jovial face.

"Come in, come in, I'm mighty glad to see you. I was disappointed this afternoon, as I am leaving town for a few days to-morrow, and wanted to talk with you about Robey and Trask. Robey was telling me Trask is not getting on well, because he is worrying about what the Winter may bring."

"Yes, it's too bad; there are lots of those cases. We have to send patients out, to accomodate others worse off. If I had some peoples' money I think I'd endow a Home

where they could rest easy, till time and circumstance were in their favor. Perhaps if I had the money, I wouldn't want to use it that way. It surely is 'Easier to preach than practice,' to think than do."

"That may be the reason I have done nothing. I've thought about a similar scheme quite a little," said Coe.

"If you decide to move along such a line and want medical assistance, you can count on me. My mother was always ready to lend a hand, and I remember when quite a small boy being very proud because one of the neighbors said, 'She always knew the right thing to do or say.' "

"Thanks, Doctor. I shall remember your offer. Do you ever have intuitions that marked changes are developing in your life and yet cannot see the slightest indication as to what their trend may be?"

"I have never had that experience. There has been a great deal of sameness in my life."

"Are you interested in Socialism, Doctor?"

"Not particularly. Are you?"

"Ever read this book?"

"Never saw it. I am not much inclined to run after the 'New Problems' that crop out every now and then."

"Is Socialism a New Problem?" said Coe thoughtfully. "It seems to me to be a Principle of Life, which is as old as Life itself, but one which is grossly misunderstood and wrongly interpreted."

"When I spoke of it as a 'New Problem,' I was thinking merely of its more recent presentations, for I hold it true that no Socialistic propaganda will ever be presented to the public that will offset or even compare with the Golden Rule or the great commandment of the lowly Nazarene. Coe, there's a big work ahead of you; I knew it when I first met you. Now I know its nature."

Coe glanced up wonderingly.

"You must be mistaken," he said. "I can help, but I'm no leader."

"We shall see. Remember I'm with you. To return to the present, I came over to see you regarding Robey, and we've wandered far afield. There is no need of his longer stay in the hospital; as I said the other day, care as regards exposure and diet are the

only necessaries. I've had a long talk with him. He is in earnest in his desire to make something of himself. Do you know of any work? He mentioned that you thought you might hear of something."

"I have nothing in sight as yet. To-morrow afternoon I shall visit a friend who proposes starting a new line of business and I hope to induce him to find a niche for Jack. The place is in the country and the business is squab and chicken farming. Our family physician, when I was a small boy, said one day—and I remember well how funny I thought he was to recommend another physician—that 'Doctors Quiet, Diet, Air, and Exercise were the best known,' and I reckon Jack might find them in the country."

The doctor laughed heartily. "That reminds me of a couplet my aunt used to quote," he said:

'The Wise for health on exercise depend.
God never made His Work, for man to mend.' "

"Perhaps not, but its lucky for some of us that all men are not wise. When will Jack leave the hospital, Doctor?"

"I thought to-morrow; that's why I came round to-night, but possibly he has no place to go, and perhaps I could accomodate him a little longer."

"No need of that, he can stop in the office here, and get his meals across the street."

"That will be all right, I've taken quite a fancy to him and want to keep in touch with him," said the doctor.

"I'll send him a note by you, if you don't mind being messenger. He knows I am going away, but not where."

The doctor departed, John drew the Morris chair close to the desk, lighted another cigar and again opened the book. The hero of the story, a man to whose mind a larger, broader life than the one limited by the cradle and the grave, had been dimly revealed, was gropingly searching for an outlook, a Pisgah's Top, where he might stand as did Moses of old and view the Promised Land till the glory of the Vision should infuse within him the courage for the great adventure. Coe raised his eyes from the page and looked straight before him, questioning. Suddenly the Voice which had spoken dur-

ing the hours when he sat discouraged and downcast, made itself heard.

"There's a big work, Coe, are you ready? 'The harvest is plenteous, the labourers few.'"

Almost unconsciously he laid down the book, rose from his chair, and walked with bowed head to the window. He looked up, innumerable stars shone in the deep blue dome; their twinkling rays seeming to beckon him to follow; high in the western sky fair Luna, full orbed and gloriously bright, shed forth her light as though in blessing.

"Lead on," he said at last. "I'll follow."

The following afternoon found Coe on a train which bore him rapidly to his destination, a quaint country town, still wrapped in the staid New England severity of Puritan simplicity. The inhabitants were most of them farmers or fruit growers. There were several apple orchards, four peach orchards, a half dozen strawberry farms and two good sized nurseries, one devoted to trees, shrubs and vines, the other to small flowering plants. The butcher's and baker's, the old

If you would like to go to your room, the door is directly opposite the head of the stairs."

"Thank you, Mrs. Avery, I'll be down shortly."

Supper over, the two men retired to a pleasant sitting room; a driftwood fire in the old-fashioned fire-place made it warm and cheery and was quite welcome as the evening was very chilly. Soon Mrs. Avery joined them.

"You have a charming home here. I don't wonder your brother expected to meet with difficulty if he attempted to persuade you to leave it. What do you think of his proposed venture?"

"I am quite interested. The boys had a few chickens which we enjoyed, and I am sure it will be a good thing for James. He is an awful restless individual unless he has some interest that keeps him hustling. Now I could just putter round and do the few necessary things to keep us two comfortable and be glad to let some things go, in order to find time to rest and read and dawdle over my music; but James is miser-

able if he can't keep on the jump while the daylight lasts."

"Are you interested in modern literature?"

"I enjoy reading very much, but I do not have the pleasure of seeing the latest books. We have a town library, but it is not particularly up to date. James and I subscribe for five or six of the magazines, our local and county papers, one Boston daily and the Saturday Transcript. They furnish us considerable reading matter and I often read the press notices of books which attract me; I presume you are able to obtain many modern books."

"I have read quite a few lately; business has been quiet and I have had some spare time. The authors, in many cases, start out bravely to deal with present-day problems, but after awakening interest, seem somehow to lose their grip and leave the reader with the impression that it is a case of 'The blind leading the blind'; in fact, I have been wondering if things in general are in such a state of flux that true values cannot be determined. It seems to me that most of the great theories of living are in a theoretical

stage and only now and then in literature or even in actual experience do we find a character strong enough to prove them practical."

"There is much of truth in what you observe, Mr. Coe; yet it seems to me there never was a time in the history of humanity when there was a more conscious reaching after the verities of life. People are tired of shams, they are tired of waiting for some future happiness, yet they seem unable to understand how to grasp their desires now."

"I am beginning to think it not so much the lack of understanding as the fear of misunderstanding (I mean the fear that others will think them foolish) that is the stumbling block, Mrs. Avery. The more I read and question, the more strongly convinced I become of the fact that each individual, in the last analysis, is responsible for himself alone; as he dares to recognize and live up to this responsibility, he not only swings his own life out of limitation into freedom, but becomes a Light Bearer for those around him. I do not mean to say that there are no writers who understand their subjects, for

there are a few who seem to be so throughly at one with the purpose of life, that they look with clear seeing eyes, straight through the things that seem so mysterious to the majority, and with a finer sense of discernment, link past, present and future in one grand symphony so delicately tuned and chorded, that its harmony sways the reader even while he fails to comprehend the message. I have wondered why this should be, and only one answer comes to my query."

"May I ask what that answer is?" thoughtfully inquired Mrs. Avery.

"Certainly, and I will try to explain. The human mind is at various levels of development and each individualized mind can understand only the things of its own level. The materialist sees only materiality, the mentalist sees the relation of mind and matter, the spiritual man perceives the spirit of things, in varying degrees of expression. Then, each of these individualized minds is an inseparable part of the Universal Mind and therefore subject to all the rates of vibration expressing in or through that mind as

Force or Energy. Thought is the spring which releases the force or energy."

"If, as you say, thought releases the energy, why do people not obtain the things they think they would like?" asked James.

"Because they fail to apply the force which their thought releases, they find an 'If' in the way, so large they dare not attempt to go over or around it."

"I had never thought of it in that way before," said James, "but I'm inclined to think you're right."

"Then again," continued Coe, "when we find the courage to attack the 'If' and meet a measure of success, we are very apt to find, as the old couplet puts it, that, 'When one has climbed the if, but is still another cliff,' and while we are considering the pros and cons, the little Imp, which the story says sits on each man's shoulder, has whispered so loud and so insistently 'you're afraid' that at least eight times out of ten we 'throw down our arms' to him and he goes off chuckling over another victory."

"I don't think I've heard that story, what is it?" inquired Mrs. Avery.

"Why, 'tis said that the Arch Enemy is always on the lookout for souls and when he sees one wavering between two opinions, questioning with himself as to which is best, —to do or not to do—he calls one of his Imps and bids him hasten and tell the Soul that he is discouraged. If the Soul denies it, he is to make the suggestion more emphatic; a second denial is to be met with stronger affirmation. The Imp goes on his way and finding a Soul whispers softly, 'You are discouraged.' 'I am not,' the Soul replies. 'Oh, but you are, tired and discouraged.' 'I'll admit I'm tired, but not discouraged.' 'Oh, yes, you are, just think what a struggle it has been.' 'Yes, it has been a struggle, I guess I am a little discouraged,' and the Imp with a mocking laugh returns to his chief and says, 'I got him.' "

"Another Soul stands at the dividing of the ways and the Imp steals softly up and says, 'Poor fellow, you're discouraged.' 'No, I'm not.' 'Yes, you are, that last blow knocked you clean off your feet.' 'That's right, but I can get up again and I will.' 'What's the use, you'll only get another

throw down.' 'You get out of my way, I'm not discouraged, I know I'm right and I'm going straight on.' The Imp returned to his chief and said, 'I couldn't get that Soul. In another minute he'd have walked right over me, so I ran home.' "

"I see now what the New Thought magazines and teachers are trying to tell us," said Mrs. Avery. "Have you any knowledge of their belief, Mr. Coe?"

"Not that I know of, is it anything like Christian Science? I have a friend much interested in that Cult who has tried to convert me, unsuccessfully however."

"There is a difference which I can sense but not explain. A young woman from New York was stopping with neighbors during the summer. She had a number of books on New Thought subjects which she loaned me and after she returned to New York she sent me a series of magazines in which the Fundamentals of the belief are outlined. Perhaps you would like to look them over; I imagine you will recognize your own ideals in them."

The hall clock struck one, and Mrs. Avery

rose, saying "Ten-thirty, that's very late for me, so I'll say good night. The doors and windows are all right, James, but you had better look after the furnace."

"All right, Liza. We'll soon follow your good example: breakfast at eight or earlier?"

"Call it eight. Good night," smilingly she replied.

Morning dawned clear and cool. The dining-room of the Slater home was lighted by a very large bow window through which the morning sun was pouring a flood of radiance that touched the old-fashioned silver candle-sticks and French clock on the mantle, and made the glass and silver on the table dance and sparkle, and the black walnut furniture lent an atmosphere of substantial abundance.

As Coe paused at the foot of the stairs uncertain which way to turn, Mrs. Avery entered the dining-room, each hand grasping a dish.

"Good morning, Mr. Coe, come right in; James is almost ready. Isn't this a beautiful day?"

"A delightful morning; the gods are propitious. How are you, James?"

"Tiptop. Did you rest well? I've taken care of our babies, Dandy, Towser and Sport, and Liza says I can be excused right after breakfast."

Mrs. Avery laughed merrily.

"Don't pay any attention to him, he's just a trifle unbalanced. I'm not sure but he sat up all night to read about chickens. Will you have cereal?"

Having served the cereal she lighted the lamp of the percolator.

"I am without a maid at present," she said. "There is so little to do for us two I decided I could get on nicely by having a neighbor come in two or three times a week for the heavier work. James tells me you have no home ties. How is your Cousin?"

"He's quite comfortable, thank you. He is out of the hospital and looking for work. By the way, Jim, the doctor spent the evening with me night before last. He's a mighty fine chap, a man who takes a real heart interest in his patients. I was quite surprised at first that he took such an interest in Jack,

but I find it's the customary thing. He was speaking of the many patients that have to leave the hospital before they are really in condition to work and yet are not sufficiently ill for the convalescent home."

At that moment two laughing children ran past the window.

"Hello! here's the advance guard of your army of the unemployed, Liza," said James.

"You're much mistaken as regards that," replied his sister, "they're a busy pair. They always stop on their way to school," she explained turning to Coe, "to see if I wish anything from the village."

The three rose from the table, and Mrs. Avery went to the kitchen as the two men passed out the side door. Towser and Sport came round the corner and raced up to the children, who patted them on their heads; Slater whistled and the dogs bounded away to the barn.

"We'll go through the barn to the back pasture. While Father lived we always had four or five cows and as many horses; it seems strange even now to find only Dandy in the barn."

The horse at the sound of his master's voice began to paw the stall.

"Hello, Boy, you want to go out this morning? All right. Here, aren't you going to say thank you?" he called, as Dandy made for the door. The horse paused for a second, then turned, came directly to his master, and laid his head against his shoulder. Slater stroked the long brown nose, then patted the arched neck. "Good boy, Dandy, now go," he said.

The back pasture was open and sunny and sloped gently toward the west. For the three previous summers it had been rented to a neighbor as a truck garden, and the corn stalks and bean poles still remained.

"Our land runs back to that grove, then in a straight line to the stone wall. There is a small brook in the south-west corner, which runs under the wall and beneath the road and broadens quite perceptibly in the meadow. I am undecided whether I shall use this lot or the smaller one on the east of the house in front of the barn. The principal authorities on poultry raising all favor a south-eastern exposure for the houses, but

this lot is so sunny and warm I am almost inclined to give it the preference.

"If I can make satisfactory terms with nearby markets I propose to build three separate houses during the winter. By the way, you don't happen to know a builder who could help me out a bit, do you? I'd like some one to plan the lay-out and help me with the building."

"Why yes, Robey would be a good man, and the country is a better place for him than a large town or city. If you could give him a lift till I can look about a little I shall be grateful. I have been thinking of making a change as I mentioned when you were at the office. I believe I have a fairly well planned scheme and I shall be able to make an opening for Jack, if I can put it through. Pardon me if I say nothing further at present."

"That suits me. You say he is not employed now?"

"Not unless he has picked up something since I left. What are the chances of his procuring room and board? Any of the neighbors who would take him in?"

"That can be arranged all right, in fact

I'm inclined to think Liza will insist on his stopping with us. Write him to come down while you are here and we'll talk things over."

Jack received a card within a few days bidding him come to Slater's; no particulars were given, but somehow he felt that opportunity to prove his sincerity and redeem himself lay hidden in the message. That evening he walked over to the doctor's office to inform him of the new turn in affairs. He was disappointed to find him engaged.

"Come in, come in," insisted the doctor. "We are waiting for another friend to arrive and you're not intruding. My friends, Mr. Abercrombie and Professor Riply, Mr. Robey."

The telephone rang and when the doctor hung up, he turned to the two friends and said: "Well, Forsaith has to leave town tonight and can't get over, so we'll have to call off the practice," then to Robey, "we were to rehearse some music for the Charity Bazaar but our baritone is unable to be with us."

"Perhaps I can help you out, Doctor. I sing occasionally."

"Thanks. It's very kind of you to offer."

"Not at all, I'm glad to be able to do you a favor."

"Come on Riply, tune up on the piano. Heard from Coe, Robey?"

"Yes; I came round to tell you I am to join him to-morrow."

"Business?"

"I think so. There was no explanation."

An hour or more was spent trying out new music. At the close all three thanked Robey and expressed a wish that he would meet with them again in the near future. He bade them good night and walked rapidly home, whistling softly.

Jack woke early on the following morning, and after a hearty breakfast, he strolled around to the hospital to see Trask, and told him he should take the early afternoon train to Slater's. When he reached his destination he inquired of the baggage master in which direction the Slater farm lay, then strolled slowly up the Main Street to the hotel. As he was about to enter its doorway

910[illegible]

he heard his name called and turned to see Coe standing on the curb in front of the large market.

"Gee, but I'm glad to see you and you're prompt all right. Slater, this is Jack," said Coe, to a man who came forward to place some packages in a wagon.

"Glad to see you. I wondered why I was forced to take the democrat instead of the buggy. Get in, and we'll show you a bird's-eye view of the country."

"I'll leave my grip at the hotel office and engage a room first, if you don't mind waiting."

"You'll do nothing of the kind," said Slater.

Jack cordially accepted the extended hospitality, swinging the grip into the rear seat.

"How'd you leave things at home, Jack?"

"Everything same as usual; by the bye, here's a letter that came this morning."

"When did you see Doctor last?"

"Last night; spent the evening with him."

"That's a fine horse you have there, Mr. Slater."

"Yes, he comes pretty close to pedigreed stock. Are you fond of horses?"

"Very, of all animals in fact."

"'I reckon,' as old farmer Beale's would say, I'll have to get better acquainted with you and see if we can't make a deal to our mutual advantage," said Slater.

"It strikes me there is a possibility," Jack replied.

They had been riding along over a fine, smooth stretch of road which had wound up hill so gradually, that the strangers had not realized they were climbing. Now they swung round a curve and suddenly saw just in front and below a broad expanse of water, its surface dotted here and there with wooded islands, while off in the far distance the tower of the light house kept watch over the waters of the broad Atlantic.

"Did you ever see anything prettier than that view?" said the host.

"Gad, that's great. I didn't know there was such a large body of water in this section," said Coe.

"In reality it's two bodies," replied Slater, "the division, a stretch of about four miles of country, lies behind that clump or rather fringe of woods to the south-west."

"What a place for a summer hotel! It quite rivals the Poland Spring region," said Jack.

"Just below on our right there is a sandy cove where a millionaire from Dubuque owns fifteen acres. It's quite a show place, wonderfully laid out, but I never could understand why he preferred it to the hill. Come on, Dandy. We're a long way from home."

They rode slowly, skirting the south shore of the lake, passing the rear entrance to the millionaire's acres. Here and there along the shore quaint little bungalows, gaily painted in bright reds, yellows and greens lent a certain charm to the landscape. At last they turned into a cool wood road, scarcely more than a cart path. The odor of the pines was especially strong.

"Oh! but that's good," said Coe. "Pine has a special attraction for me, somehow."

"You should have come through here in wild grape time, if you wanted to enjoy

something like the 'Odors of Araby,' " Slater replied.

Dandy had meantime been taking his own undirected way, but now as they turned once more into the broad highroad Slater picked up the reins which had been lying loosely between his knees, and Dandy started on a mild trot toward home and supper.

Soon they passed an old-fashioned homestead which was evidently falling into decay.

"That place," said Slater, "was the show place of the country-side in its day; but tragedy laid its rough hand on it and superstition followed close behind. There is but one of the original heirs living, so far as is known, and she will not allow any one to mention the property in her hearing. The place has been unoccupied the last three years and all the customary ghost stories are circulated regarding it."

"Do you place any credit in the stories?" asked Coe.

"No, and yet I must confess to an uncanny feeling if I am obliged to pass on a stormy night."

"How much land is there in the property?"

"Between four and five acres, about equally divided into tillage, pasture and wood lots."

"If I stop here long enough, I intend to investigate that place," said Jack.

As they rounded a curve Jack leaned suddenly forward, drew his hands across his eyes and exclaimed, "Who owns this place?"

"This is my home," replied Slater, "why did you ask; your tone implied particular interest."

"Why! I saw this place in a dream while I was in the hospital. Don't you remember I spoke to you about it, John?"

"I had forgotten, but it tallies in every way with your description."

They drove directly to the barn and the visitors waited till Dandy's evening meal had been served. Mrs. Avery came out of the living room as the three stepped into the hall.

"This is Mr. Robey, Liza; my sister, Mrs. Avery." Jack graciously acknowledged the introduction and said:

"I fear I am guilty of intrusion, it was my

intention to stop at the hotel, but your brother forestalled me?"

"He was perfectly right. We were expecting you."

"Tea ready, Liza?" broke in Slater, "I am sure our guests are hungry; we've been over to Ingraham's and round the South road home."

" 'Twill be on the table in a very few moments. Excuse me, while I add the finishing touches."

After supper the men looked over the daily papers and discussed the more important subjects. Coe was surprised by Jack's very pertinent reasoning; he had supposed him to be a superficial thinker, swayed easily by the opinion of the loudest talkers; but found, instead, a man well read on the vital questions of the day and not afraid to express his views though not inclined to force them unasked.

Soon after Mrs. Avery's entrance Jack rose and again suggested returning to the hotel.

"You'll do nothing of the kind, at least not till after we have talked over the matter which awaits consideration," replied Slater.

"Well, Jack," said Coe, "from what I have found out regarding our host and hostess, your safest course is to yield gracefully."

"I accept the inevitable," Jack smilingly replied. "May I be permitted to ask what the subject under consideration is?"

"I will explain in the morning, when it will be possible to present all the evidence," laughed Slater.

Strolling over to the piano Jack looked over the music on the rack. "Do you play, Mrs. Avery?"

"A little for my own amusement. Are you fond of music?"

"Very. I see you have MacDowell's "Woodland Sketches." My mother is a great lover of his compositions."

"What do you say to whist?" suggested Slater. "Come on, Liza, if I'm not mistaken Robey and you will find lots of time to talk music."

The next morning Jack was piloted over the farm and informed about the various details of the prospective business, and Slater and he concluded arrangements. The evening train bore the two visitors home.

PART III.

Six months later when the lilacs on the haunted place were beginning to shake open their fragrant blossoms, strange sights and sounds were all about them. The tumble-down fence, over which they had leaned for a quarter of a century, had disappeared. The house had been entirely remodeled, and painters were completing the finishing touches on a nice new light gray dress with darker trimmings. The driveway, a mammoth horseshoe in shape, led from the road to the house, the rest of the land lay in smooth furrows ready for planting.

A trotting sulky drawn by a handsome chestnut mare approaches from the direction of the village. The driver seems strangely familiar. Who is he? Why, our friend, Jack Robey, grown fleshy and ruddy with his winter's work in the open. Happy, too, he is; the sweet, clear whistle of a popular air proclaims a mind at ease. 'He who finds himself, loses his misery,' sang the poet and Jack has found himself. The light of a steady purpose shines in his eyes and his

cordial handclasp and cheery smile will waken ambition in the heart of the discouraged.

Here in this quiet country mansion will soon be launched the project that called to discouraged John Coe on that rainy evening.

At the Slater homestead time has brought changes. The chicken farm is well on the road to success. There is a great show of activity about the place this morning, for the afternoon train will bring friends, old and new, who will pause for a brief sojourn with James and Liza before they enter on their privilege of service to and for humanity at 'Rest Awhile.'

In the town where first we met our three friends amid storm and fire, Father Time has been ruthlessly tearing out the old to make room for new conditions. The Robey property has passed out of the family control, and the whirl of machinery has supplanted the music of the feathered choir. Middle street is completely changed, too, and only the hospital retains the old familiar aspect.

In the office the doctor and John Coe are mapping out the final plans for the opening and dedication of the new home. Jack's wife, who has been on a visit to the Slater's once before, and his mother will meet John and the doctor at the evening train. Early the coming week the housekeeper and her small son will arrive, and the final preparations will be completed.

Just as the shadows of early evening stretch their gray lengths far toward the east as though they presented rival roads over which the moonbeams might take their way, a strange automobile turns into the horseshoe drive and rolls quietly up to the massive colonial doorway, the portal of which swings wide, revealing a spacious hall in which a group of smiling faces and eager helping hands await the coming of the travelers.

"Welcome to 'Rest Awhile,'" they cry, while the doctor's hearty voice replies.

"Here we are, Coe, the first new members of the Happy Family."

Three men and two ladies follow the doc-

tor into the hall which extends through the center of the house and leads through a door at the rear into a small garden whose grape-arbored path extends to the apple orchard and pasture-land in the rear. Over this rear door an illuminated motto is hung—the invitation of the Master of Old—'Come Ye Apart and Rest Awhile,' adding a touch of reverence to the time and place.

As the third and last man entered the door Mrs. Robey, senior, started forward, a questioning look on her face.

"Well! Caroline Coe, I little expected to meet you here. It's quite a few years since we met last, do you remember me? I should have known you anywhere."

"Richard Abbott, of all the pranks of fate, to number you among our first guests. Pardon me, Miss Mayhew; in my surprise at meeting my old friend, I forgot my duty as hostess; if you will come this way I will show you to your room. Mr. Coe will attend to the gentlemen; and we will all meet again at tea time."

Half an hour later all gathered in the dining room for a simple supper. The doctor,

ably seconded by Jack, kept up a spirit of jollity, and when they retired to the living room each individual had been made to feel at home. Songs, familiar to all, short stories and incidents from real life, filled full the moments of a pleasant hour; then Mr. Coe quietly announced that as the principal reason for the establishment of the Home was embodied in the word 'Rest,' the management had decided that nine-thirty o'clock should be the hour for retiring to the privacy of their sleeping rooms.

During the evening Miss Mayhew and Jennie had become very friendly, having found a common interest in embroidery and crochet work. Mother Robey and Mr. Abbott had made opportunity to recall the friends and pleasures of their younger days. Very early in the morning Doctor, Coe and Robey set out for a long stroll and made a flying call at the Slater's in order that the doctor might inspect the farm of which he had heard so much.

Soon after breakfast, the automobile halted for a few moments at the doorway while the 'family' smilingly sped the doctor

and Coe on their way. The doctor expressed to Coe, as they rolled smoothly along the shaded, dustless state highway, his pleased approbation of the efficient launching of the venture, and gave him many suggestions regarding the more recent comers; just quiet hints as to traits of mind in each individual, which are in reality keys to the gateways of development. At the Junction, Coe transferred to the train, and the doctor, promising to visit 'Rest Awhile' often, returned to the routine of work at the hospital.

Three happy weeks flew quickly by and with sincere regrets the first group of guests prepared to leave the place which had indeed been a haven of rest. Each one had found some task which had become a pleasure and a privilege. Some had gleaned from the experience the understanding that life-expression is the great privilege, the reason, in fact, of form; had learned that it is the eternal purpose of Divinity that man should not only take life as he finds it, but should make life what he most desires it to be.

"It is not just as we take it, this wonderful
world of our's.
Life's field will yield as we make it
A harvest of thorns or flowers."

Those who, at the end of the first week in the Home, had looked forward with fear and shrinking to the day when they must return to old duties, had caught the spirit of optimism which governed the efforts of the leaders in the enterprise and were truly glad that a place was ready and waiting where they could lend a hand in reconstructing methods for accomplishing the world's work.

Richard Abbott and Elsie Mayhew had, perhaps, touched greater deeps of understanding than the others, for each of them had been active, zealous workers in many fields; indeed in the past their's had been the zeal without knowledge, which sooner or later breaks down the worker who knows himself only as a thing apart from the work. With mind and soul awake to the true purpose of life in form, they were to enter new fields of adventure.

He had accepted a position as general manager of some moneyed interests in a southern city, while she was to become a governess, assuming entire control of three small children who had been permitted to run wild, except for the care which a colored mammy and a young cousin of their father's had given them. Many were the consultations Elsie held with Mrs. Avery regarding ways and means of interesting them in work and study.

The hour of separation drew on apace, for always meeting and parting, ebb and flow, light and darkness, have been and must continue to be the expression of the evolving life, wherever it is passing through Becoming, into Being. The three men would walk to the station, while Jack, accompanied by his wife and Miss Mayhew, would take the luggage down in the democrat wagon.

Summer, with its shine and showers, its intense scorching July sun and its fulfilment of Spring's promise, came and went. Other groups enjoyed the quiet and peace of 'Rest Awhile' and when the autumn foliage flung forth its varied colored banners, and prepa-

rations for the great New England Festival were abroad in the land, little white winged messengers flew here and there calling to some from each group to return and celebrate the feast of Thanksgiving, where first they had learned that 'The Way of Life is Loving Service.'

From Elsie Mayhew and Richard Abbott came replies expressing deep regrets at their inability to accept the invitation to join the merry makers at 'Rest Awhile,' and each expressed the hope that sometime in the not far distant future opportunity would again smile on them.

The doctor motored down for a few hours, and was much disappointed at not meeting them.

"What do you say to a Christmas party? Possibly if we plan it thus early, the others will be able to make arrangements," he said.

"Why not?" replied Jennie, "and ask the Slaters to join with us."

"That's a good idea, don't you think so, Aunt Caroline?" said John, "the children will have to be looked out for."

"Fine. I move Jennie send out the word as quickly as possible."

"Why don't you write, yourself, Mother?"

* * * *

Frank and his three children arrived at the Slater homestead late the day before Thanksgiving and were welcomed with great rejoicing. Frank, Jr., and Roger ran merrily on to the barn when they saw Uncle James standing in the door, while Papa and Alice went in to surprise Aunt Liza.

"For pity's sake, Frank, where have you been? We've almost looked our eyes out of our heads the last two days. Where are the boys? And this is the baby?

"Oh, we got blockaded. I tried to telegraph, but the wires were down and I couldn't get the message through till so late I decided to come right on and explain when I got here. Can't you speak to Auntie, Alice? She's a little shy and I guess she's tired, too; we walked up from the station. The boys are with James, they saw him in the barn door. Here they come now!"

Alice, still grasping her father's hand,

leaned forward as the boys and Uncle Jim came in the door.

"Hello, Peach-blossom, you haven't forgotten Uncle Jim, have you?" said James as he lifted Alice high in his arms and gave her a rousing kiss; both arms flew round his neck as she laughed merrily and said "Hello, my 'pig back' man."

"Well! Frank, you're looking fine, all of you. The boys said you struck a snow blockade. Excuse me, Liza, these are your aspiring nephews."

Frank, Jr., stepped quietly forward.

"How do you do, Aunt Liza," he said.

"I am nicely, thank you," she replied as she kissed him, "and this is Roger? I'm very glad to see you. Did you like the train ride?"

"Yes, ma'am! There were lots of things to see. We went through the Garden of the Gods, too, and up on Pike's Peak. That train goes right straight up in the air," said Roger, "its awful funny."

"You must all be hungry; excuse me and I'll have something ready to eat in a few minutes."

"Where are your trunks, Frank?" said James as Liza went to prepare supper.

"I left them at the station. I thought you and I could go down for them after the children went to bed. I saw Amos and told him not to bother about putting them inside. Jerusalem! I'd never have known him if you hadn't written me he was still there."

The sandman crept in at some door or window before supper was over, Roger and Alice both fell sound asleep in their chairs and Frank Jr.'s eyes became narrow slits and his head nodded from side to side in spite of his attempts to stay awake.

"Where you going to put these sleepy heads, Liza? Jim, you take Alice and I'll shoulder Roger, and Junior will manage to get along somehow."

Aunt Liza led the way and soon the three were comfortably tucked in their beds.

Very early the next morning the boys were up and dressed; they came down stairs just as Uncle Jim was going out to the barn to look after Dandy.

"Can we go? Can we go?"

"Ask your father."

"He won't mind," said Roger.

"Ask him, please."

"What's all this about, boys?"

"Can't we go out with Uncle Jim?"

"If he's willing, but don't get in the way."

"No, we won't."

"I guess we'll let Alice sleep this morning, Liza."

"I was going to suggest that, Frank. She had considerable excitement for a little girl. Do you suppose she'll be contented here without you?"

"I hope so, but I am wondering, just the same. She has never been away from me for over two weeks, but of course she's older now and has more interest in play and other children."

"James and the boys are coming, I'll put breakfast on the table."

The boys came rushing in, each eager to talk.

"Sh! you'll wake Alice, don't be so noisy," said their father.

"Daddy, there's two cunning little horses

out in the barn, and Mr. Jack put me right up on Dandy's back," said Roger.

"He showed us the little chickens, too, Papa," added Junior. "My, but it's nice here; are we going to stay a long time, Papa?"

Aunt Liza and Uncle James came in from the kitchen.

"Did you find an appetite out in the barn, boys?"

"Yes, Auntie, I guess so, but I didn't think of it out there, I was so interested in the chickens."

"Where's my Peach-blossom?" said Uncle Jim.

"We are going to let her sleep as long as she will," replied the others.

"That's a good plan. I hope she'll be contented here."

Breakfast over, the boys went out with Uncle Jim, while Papa waited round the house till Alice had dressed and eaten breakfast. Then they went in search of Uncle Jim and the boys.

* * * *

Two weeks before Christmas the following letter came to Jennie Robey.

Oakdale Manor, December 10.

"Dear Jennie and other friends at dear old 'Rest Awhile.'

"I am so sorry to be obliged to write and tell you that I am to be denied the privilege of meeting you all at the Merry Christmas season; I had counted on it so much after my disappointment at Thanksgiving, but alas! 'the best laid plans' have 'gang agley.'

"Mr. and Mrs. Gordon are on their way to his eldest sister's home in Pennsylvania where his mother is seriously ill. Mrs. Gordon wrote that it would be impossible for them to return home for the holidays and has asked me to assume all responsibility for the children's Christmas and also to attend to the matter of providing for the various others in the household; so I am bound to find my happiness this year in making happiness for others. I shall do my best of course, but oh! how I wish I could see you all.

"Hoping all the others may be able to be

present and enjoy the pleasures of the season at dear old 'Rest Awhile' I must love and leave you for the present.

"Goodbye and a very, very Merry Christmas to you all from the 'Shut Out.'"

There was a chorus of disappointed voices at the close of the reading of the letter, then Mrs. Robey brought back the smiles to saddened faces by saying, "I'm not so sure but a way may be found for Elsie to join us yet."

"For goodness sake, Mother, don't be mysterious about it, but tell us quick your idea."

"I would suggest that you telegraph immediately, so as to give her abundant time, that she is to bring the three children and join us here. I think she will be able to arrange other matters satisfactorily."

"That's a brilliant idea, Aunt Caroline. Jack, you're going down to the village this afternoon, don't come back till you have sent the message," said John.

"Sure, I'll not. We want all the folks here," replied Jack.

The two men left the room and the ladies

resumed the occupations with which they were busied when the letter arrived.

"By the way, Jennie," said the elder woman, "I think, if I were you, I'd answer that letter at once, and sort of fortify the telegram."

"Another think that's right to the point, Mother, as John said; you're quite brilliant to-day. I'll write at once, so Jack can mail it this afternoon."

The letter was written as follows:

"Dear Elsie,

"As you probably have decided since receiving Jack's telegram, we at 'Rest Awhile' positively refuse to recognize you as a 'Shut Out'; bring your three charges, I am sure they will enjoy the change, the Slater children are here at their Aunt Liza's, so they will find good company of their own ages.

"Doctor and Richard Abbott and all the Slater family, including Frank, the brother from Colorado, are to be here and are planning on a grand reunion.

"There's quite a little news I could tell you but I am in a terrible hurry and also am in-

clined to think I might use the news as an extra inducement.

"Everybody at 'Rest Awhile' has one eye turned your way at present, so hurry up and write that you are coming, so we can keep both eyes focused here.

"With all good wishes for you and abiding faith that we soon shall greet you in person,

"Lovingly yours,

"Jennie."

Three days later this short, pointed reply was received.

"Dear Hearts,

"I shall be with you; I'm sure fate cannot be so unkind as to interfere now.

"Love from Elsie."

Christmas greens and jollity are holding high carnival over all the earth once more; smiling faces are everywhere, even the crossing sweepers and the ragamuffins that line the sidewalks near the stations are smiling to-day.

A taxicab comes to a standstill just outside the terminal in Boston, and two children jump out and in their haste bump into a figure wrapped in a black fur coat, with the collar turned up closely about the ears, for the chill rain, a mixture of sleet and snow, is a sad contrast to the mild weather of Dixie land, from which the traveller has just come. He turns quickly, just in time to prevent the younger child from falling, and comes face to face with a lady who is holding the hand of a still smaller child.

"Are we going in the train again, Miss Mayhew?" said the eldest of the children.

"Yes, run right along into the station, but look where you are going. It was rude of you to bump into the gentleman as you did."

"How do you do, Miss Mayhew. Isn't this fortunate. Of course you are on your way to 'Rest Awhile'?"

"Mr. Abbott, how do you do, I am glad to meet you again; I don't think I should have known you if you had not spoken; fur coats were not a feature at our earlier meetings."

"I am rather eclipsed, that's a fact, but it's quite necessary when you realize I was in

Georgia Sunday. Have you any luggage?"

"Our trunks are checked through, thank you. Children, this is Mr. Abbott, he will spend Christmas with us at 'Rest Awhile.'"

The group passed quietly through the station, and seated themselves comfortably on the train. The children, much improved by Miss Mayhew's training, passed quietly from window to window where the seats were vacant and talked in subdued voices about objects of interest which attracted them. Mr. Abbott watched them, his eyes sparkling.

"Pardon me, Miss Mayhew," he said, "but how do you manage to allow them so much freedom and yet hold such perfect control of the situation?"

"I have made it a point always to explain to them when necessary, the difference between freedom and license," she replied.

"You have succeeded remarkably well, I must acknowledge; they are especially well trained."

"Thank you. Your recognition has paid me for the many anxious hours I have put into my task."

The conversation drifted into other incidents, of experiences, which each had met with in their new conditions, then to the friends whom they were soon to meet.

"Do you remember the Miss Kingman whom we saw several times at the Slater's home?" asked Abbott.

"The very quiet girl, with the mass of Titian hair, you mean?"

"Yes, she is to be with us as the bride of the doctor, I suppose you have heard."

"Indeed! they had not told me that; Jennie wrote there was considerable news to tell me when we met."

"Here we are, the place doesn't look quite natural, does it? Do you expect anyone to meet you?"

"No. I wrote them I would be here today, if possible, but as I could not be positive as regards time, I would take the depot carriage up to the house."

"Hello, there's Andy with the democrat now. Hello, Andy, hello!"

"How-de-do, Mister Abbott, I didn't know yer. How-de-do, Miss Mayhew, I had to go over to the village and they told me to

drive round this way home, perhaps I might find some or all of you."

Every now and then eager faces peered out of the windows at 'Rest Awhile,' watching the road from the village, and when Andy turned into the horseshoe drive the large front door flew wide open and amid merry shouts of 'Welcome Home' and the waving of handkerchiefs, Elsie stepped from the carriage. Her eyes were misty with unshed tears and her voice broke as she said,

"Oh! I'm so glad to be here! and think how nearly I missed it all."

Louise, Harold and little Belle were presented to the friends who welcomed them lovingly. Jennie took Elsie and the children to their room, while Mrs. Robey, John and Richard Abbott commented on the easy, graceful manner with which the children had greeted entire strangers.

Early the following morning the Slater children came over with Uncle James. They soon made friends with the strangers and begged their Uncle to bring them over to see Aunt Liza, the colts and the chickens.

"May we go, Miss Mayhew?"

"Please let them?" said the others.

"I am afraid you will annoy Mrs. Avery. She must be very busy this morning," said Elsie.

"Children annoy Liza? Nonsense, you know better, Miss Mayhew; beside, Junior and Alice are quite capable of entertaining them. Let them come, Christmas only comes once a year, you know."

"Yes, let them go, Elsie, I'll find plenty for you to do; beside, if you're real good, I'll tell you a secret," said Jennie.

"Hi there! is that a bribe? Where do I come in on this secret business?" said Jack.

"Oh! you know it. Don't worry," his wife replied.

Uncle James and the children having departed, John, Jack, Jennie and Elsie began preparations for Christmas Eve. The season's festivities were to include a tree at 'Rest Awhile' on Christmas Eve and dinner on Christmas Day at the Slater's home.

From some mysterious corner around the barn John and Jack brought a large tree and set it up in the living room. Jennie and Elsie found the secret hiding places of lights and

ornaments; these they dragged quietly to the living room and with the aid of the men soon had them in their places on the tree.

The family brought their gifts and left them on a large table in the hall just outside the door. Jack slipped over to the Slaters for the packages from there, and John, Elsie and Jennie placed the packages on the tree. The shades had been drawn down at the windows and now Jennie locked the two doors and left all in readiness for the night.

"I hope you've not forgotten that you promised to tell me a secret," said Elsie.

"Come up to my room while I straighten things up and then if you promise to be mum, I'll tell you."

"It's to be a surprise to Doctor and the Slaters. I'm so pleased that you are really here I just feel I must tell you."

"Mum's the word; I won't even look wise."

"We are to have a wedding here to-morrow morning."

"For goodness sakes, Jennie Robey, don't upset me completely. Who is to be married?"

"Mother Robey and Mr. Abbott, if you

please," and Jennie laughed merrily. "Only think," she said, "we are to have two bridal couples at the Christmas Dinner."

Elsie dropped into a chair.

"Jennie Robey, you've known this all along and never lisped a word?"

"Guilty, my dear, but there were extenuating circumstances. I was sworn to secrecy. John and Jack, even, have known nothing about it till night before last."

"A case of 'Love at first sight'?"

"Well, yes, but the first sight happened many years ago. You will remember, now I recall it to your mind, that they recognized each other as old friends on the occasion of your first visit to us."

"Yes, I do remember. How romantic!"

"More so than you imagine; I have mother's permission to tell you the story which runs as follows:

"They were lovers in their school days. When Richard was eighteen, his father bought land in San Jose, California, and the family moved to the West. Some five years later, business called the father to Cuba and he became interested in properties there, so

are at the head of different branches of Richard's business and the third is in the middle west making good for himself."

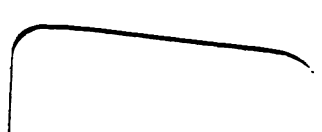
"And John Coe is the founder of the whole thing, why don't you add," said Elsie. "I'm going right down to Mrs. Robey's room and offer my sincere felicitations. Will you come too?"

"I think I'll go to the kitchen and find out how things are progressing there. These are busy days for Patience and she may be glad of a little help. When Jack comes we'll finish putting things on the tree."

Not many moons later, when the apple blossoms spread out their wealth of glory John Coe returned from a trip to Oakdale, bringing with him a new mistress for the Home. Jack and Jennie met them at the train and Patience, Mrs. Avery, James and the three children, a smiling line on each side of the path from carriage to door, threw apple blossoms at their feet and gave them royal welcome. The good work is spreading East, West, North and South, guided in every instance by one who first saw the Vision and heard the Call at 'Rest Awhile.'

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
REFERENCE DEPARTMENT

This book is under no circumstances to be taken from the Building

JUL 8 1919
JUL 4 1919
JUL 1 1919
JUL 9 1919
JUL 7 1919
JUL 8 1919
JUL 9 1919
JUL 6 1919
JUL 10 1919

Form 410